Then he shook his head, denying the sophistry. He had enjoyed it. He wanted more. The tiny movement woke Spock. The Vulcan leaned up on one elbow and studied him, a slow, reminiscent smile curving the fine lips.

"So. You chose to come to my bed."

"Yes, my lord." Kirk felt unexpectedly nervous. Whatever he might admit to himself, he wasn't ready to--if Spock just wouldn't look at him as if he knew every thought!

"Why?"

Well, there were a lot of reasons, if he could just get possession of himself and remember them. "I--Satak told me you'd die if you didn't mate--that you wouldn't accept anyone else--"

"And, logically, you would not wish to lose a good master?"

"No, of course not, I mean, I--" Damn the Vulcan, slave or not, he wasn't going to deny the most earthshaking experience he had ever had. He had to close his eyes to keep the tears back, and he let himself go limp, relaxing totally into Spock's keeping. "I wanted to. If you did, why didn't you ever ask--?"

"One does not ask a slave. And I had given you my word, which I have never broken. Nor have I ever taken an unwilling bedmate, slave or free. Now that you have come, however, I will keep you."

"Yes, my lord." Kirk felt an unaccustomed thrill at the possessive note in the Vulcan's voice, and he began to tremble when a hand slid between his thighs.

"I wish to see if you have been injured."

Kirk glanced down at himself, flushing deeply as he saw the trails of dried semen that streaked his thighs and belly. Spock probed carefully, his expression one of satisfaction as the Human showed no sign of pain--indeed, his breathing grew harsher, and a soft moan sounded in his throat as the fingers were withdrawn.

"For the moment the mating urge is burned out in me," said the Vulcan. He continued on a teasing note, "However, I cannot permit such an excellent slave to suffer discomfort."

Unbelievingly, Kirk watched as the sleek head bent to his groin, the hot wet mouth carressed him the green tongue licked, circled, teased his penis erect. Helplessly he arched upwards and the soft lips parted, drawing him into the heat of Spock's mouth, a slow delicious sucking began, travelling the full length of the shaft, and he entwined his fingers in the dark hair, pressing his master's head closer.

As the Human's hips rose, Spock slid one hand underneath, probing between the quivering buttocks his fingers worked deep inside Kirk, producing an almost unbearable pleasure, while his free hand pulled at each erect nipple in turn. The relentless sucking quickened, and Kirk sobbed as he convulsed in orgasm, his semen spurting down the Vulcan's throat. Then he was held close in Spock's arms, his master's weight bearing him down as an impatient tongue demanded entrance to his mouth. With a sign of pleasure, the Human abandoned himself to the embrace, gripping Spock tightly as he returned the caress.

The afternoon was well advanced when Kirk and Spock rose at last and went to bathe. They washed each other this time, a slow process, for each was distracted by the proximity of the other and the gliding touch of flesh on moist flesh.

A call from Spock brought one of the general slaves hurrying with food. They ate hungrily, then returned to the bed where they lay quietly together, exploring each other's body with a wondering curiosity, taking the time to be gentle until desire began to burn in them again, driving them to clutch at each other with blind hunger.

There was no trace of apprehension or reluctance in Kirk now. He was as eager as Spock, revelling in the sheer physical enjoyment. The richly sensual caresses and his utter abandon delighted the Vulcan. Spock thought dimly that the tales he had heard of Human responsiveness were less than the truth. The writhing body impaled on his, arching and shivering in response to every movement of his exploring hands, gave him a pleasure he had never before experienced. He teased the Human mercilessly, watching with delight Kirk's helpless trembling. For a moment he wondered what it must be like to endure such sensations, then he pushed the thought aside. He would never know, for a warrior did not submit to a slave. Perhaps even the release he had granted Kirk that morning was more than he should have done, but he had been curious to taste the cool Human flesh. At the memory he instinctively sought the pinkish-brown nipples, sucking contentedly as he listened to Kirk's harsh breathing. Then he turned so that the Human fitted snugly into the curve of his body and his hand was free to manipulate Kirk's penis. With a sudden thrust of his hips he inserted himself into the Human, but save for the movement of his hand he remained absolutely still. Kirk's trembling as he was slowly, deliberately milked provided enough friction to bring him to an exquisite climax, his semen pouring into the cool body as Kirk's ejaculation bathed his hand.

Remaining inserted, Spock settled languidly to sleep. "Indeed, I will keep you," he murmured.

Thereafter, Kirk took his place in his master's bed with eager anticipation, knowing that while he would be used to the limits of his endurance, he would not be hurt or humiliated. The Vulcan seemed always to take great care to ensure that his slave, too, was satisfied, and an unadmitted affection grew steadily and slowly between the two.

Kirk was not, however, entirely at peace. He was well treated, even indulged. He had a considerate master, his days were full and busy. His nights were spent in the arms of a lover who caressed and wooed him to pleasure, not at the mercy of a sadist. The common camp drudges envied him, and he knew how fortunate he was--for a slave.

But he was a slave. No privileges could alter that or remove the metal collar locked securely around his throat. However easy his position now, there was no security for him. Spock could tire of him at any moment and sell him. He would be passed on from owner to owner, bed to bed, until he was too old, too worn out to give pleasure, and then he would be cast aside as a drudge for the younger men who would replace him.

Sometimes he imagined how it might have been if he were free, Spock's chosen, freely-consenting